

The Great Crusade—Are You in it? Why not?

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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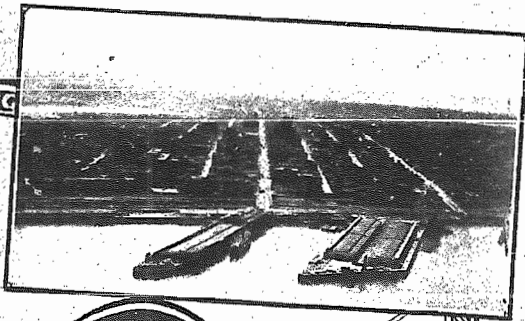
IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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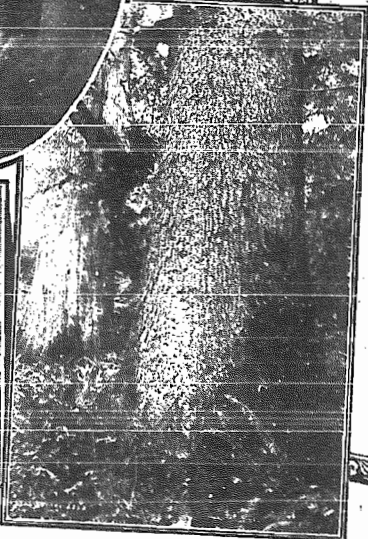
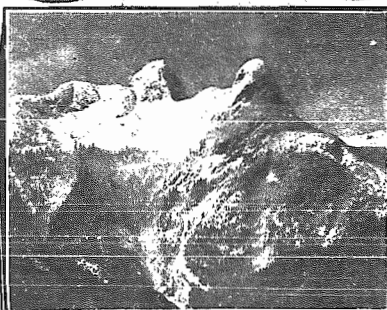
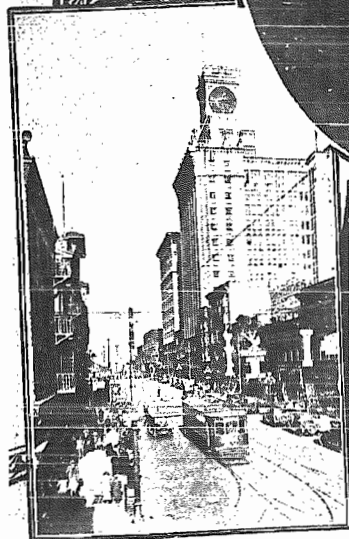
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Winnipeg, February 4, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



MR.
and
MRS. RICH



THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS

VIEWS OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH PACIFIC

1.—Canadian National Railway Station (C.N.R. photo). 2.—Vancouver from the air—new C.P.R. Pier on right (C.P.R. photo). 3.—Granville Street—one of the City's main thoroughfares (C.N.R. photo). 4.—The Mountain Guardians of the City—"The Lions" (Copyright photo—Franks, Vancouver). 5.—Big timber in Stanley Park—as the City appeared fifty years ago.

Jesus

The answer to our doubts, the spring of our courage, the earnest of our hopes, the charm omnipotent against our foes, the remedy for weakness, the supply of our wants, the fullness of our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power. Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption. Jesus! our elder brother, our Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of The Salvation Army as they sing going to their home on the mount of God. Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of Heaven, while the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting adoring song around the Throne of God.

GOD'S PROPERTY

Are you fearless for Him in workshop, street, or home

THERE is nothing more heartening than St. Paul's declarations of certainty in God living, ruling and governing all that concerned his life. In the time of crisis he stands unmoved against all that meets him.

At no time is this more clearly shown than in the forlorn hope of the Mediterranean Sea, when this warrior-saint was on board the Alexandrian wheat ship, bound for Rome after having appealed unto Caesar on the ground of his citizenship.

This ship, with its varied crew of merchants, soldiers, and prisoners, tossed about for fourteen days, at the mercy of tempestuous seas, without sun, moon, or stars to guide them. To lighten the ship, the cargo had been thrown overboard, all without avail. The prisoners and their welfare became a problem, and in the midst of the chaos God's man stood ready for the emergency. Above the storm we hear his ringing assurance: "Be of good cheer. I believe God, whose I am, whom I serve." The prisoner takes command, gives orders for the ship, and saves all on board.

Does God want you for some forlorn hope? Maybe to witness for Him in workshop, street, or home? You can be as bold as Paul if you can only find his place of supreme confidence. "I believe in God." You belong to Him.

Is there not something exhilarating in the thought of being "God's property"? This thought enabled Elijah to stand in the presence of Ahab and utter judgment.

THAT

The steps that lead into Christ are:

1. "Believe on the Lord, Jesus Christ." (John 20: 30, 31; John 3: 16; Heb. 11: 6.)
2. "Repent, that is, turn away from sin." (Luke 21: 47; 2 Cor. 7: 9-11; Acts 17: 30.)

∴ A Word on Words ∴

"Sound speech, that cannot be condemned."

"LET the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in Thy sight O Lord . . ." prayed the psalmist David when he saw how perfect the law, testimony, statutes, and commandments of the Lord were. The wise, like David, give due regard to this important matter, seeking always to use "sound speech, that cannot be condemned." (Titus ii. 8.)

Importance of speech

"What is it which makes men different?" asked Charles Kingsley, "different from all other living things we know of? Is it not speech? The power of words? These glorious things—words—are man's right alone, part of the image of the Son of God—the Word of God, in which man was created." Yet it is very evident that many have not realized the glory and importance of words. The pen is mightier than the sword," is a familiar adage, and most people believe in the influence and power of the written word—the right use of the gift of speech

ment "in the name of God, before whom I stand."

It enabled Amos to prophesy in the king's court at Bethel; it robbed the flames of Smithfield of their terror; it gave John Knox of Scotland a tongue of utterance; it imbued Luther with defiant courage. Our Founder is a shining example of being fearlessly led out to face the most desperate wickedness and opposition—brave because "God's property."

If you will only dare to allow Him to send you, make you His own, He will never fail to protect and guard you. Consecrated vessels are His great delight. If you are God's property your time, whole time, will be given to His service. Your talents will be His, gladly, always to be used by Him.

Why not accept His stamp, sealed "God's property?"

LEAD

3. "Confess Christ before men." (Matt. 10: 32; 1 Tim. 6: 12, 13; Rom. 10: 9, 10.)
4. Be baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. (Matt. 28: 18-20; Acts 2: 38, 39; Rom. 6: 3-5.)

Strength for the Siege

During a great battle the Duke of Wellington ordered a young officer to capture a battery that crouched up to that hill-top. He knew well that he was ordered to accomplish a great feat, a seeming impossibility. And then he turned to his commander and said, "I can go, sir, if you will give me one grasp of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given, and the officer hastened to the capture.

In battling against the enemy of souls how heartening it will be for us to remember that difficulties will wonderfully vanish when we are assured of the grasp of the Divine Hand.



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Mark 14: 17-20—"One of you . . . shall betray me." "Is it I?" The disciples never intended to betray.

To CHRIST

If you have taken these steps sincerely, you are in Christ. Now abide in Christ; you must live daily in obedience to His Word. (See 2 Pet. 1: 2-11; 1 Thes. 5: 16-22; 1 John 4: 11-21; Rom. 8: 35-39.) Are you in Christ?

their Master. They said they would die with Him; and they meant it. They should have thinking themselves so strong that there was no need to watch. Let us guard against the subtle temptations of the Evil One. He knows, often better than we do, our weak points, and in our unguarded moments, will assail us just there.

Monday, Mark 14: 32-50—"Simon, sleepest thou?" Oh, live up to our profession! We are so bold in asserting our love and then when a slight test comes we fail so miserably. Instead of blaming Peter, let us judge ourselves. How often Jesus has needed to arouse us from our sleep of indifference, when we should have been intent on sharing His sorrow over sin, and His efforts to save sinners.

Tuesday, Mark 14: 51-65—"Peter followed Him afar off." Through his sleeping instead of watching and praying, temptation finds Peter lacking the divine strength that prayer would have brought him. So, after one rash act in defense of his Master, Peter's courage and faith fail him, and fear for his own safety takes the place of loyalty to his Lord. Soon, seated among the Saviour's enemies, he openly declares "I know not the Man!" Beware! Neglecting prayer always leads to spiritual decline and defeat.

Wednesday, Mark 14: 66-72—"When he thought thereon, he wept." Are you grieving bitterly over some failure or sin? Take comfort from this story of Peter's sin and sorrow. Repent sincerely as he did, and you will receive the same loving and full forgiveness. Life Peter you too may then go forth to live for Him who so freely forgave you.

"The past is a story told. The future may be written in gold."

Thursday, Mark 15: 1-21—"He answered nothing." Perhaps you live or work with those who, because of your religion, find fault with or unfairly accuse you. This is hard to bear and the Devil may tempt you to say bitter things in return. The way of real victory, however, lies in following the example of Him who endured in silence "the contradiction of sinners against Himself."

Friday, Mark 15: 22-38—"They crucified Him."

"And on His thorn-crowned Head, And on His sin-stained brow, Our sins in all their guilt were laid. That He might make us whole."

In every time of need, Before Thy Judgement throne, Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll lead; Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me As Thou for me hast wrought; And let my love the answer be. To grace Thy love has brought."

Saturday, Mark 15: 39-47—"A: I laid Him in a sepulchre." How isolate in the Lord's followers must have been an agony of loving sorrow over the loss of Him in the tomb and quite forgot His promise that He would rise again. Are you brokenhearted because some one you loved, who followed the Saviour, has been laid in the grave? Take courage! Your dear one is only waiting for you on the other side of the curtain which we call death.

Crusade DONT'S

Some Mistake that Salvationist Speakers Should Avoid

The following DONT'S are from the pen of a well-known soul-winner:—

- Don't exaggerate.
- Don't fool with doubts.
- Don't let success tip you over.
- Don't snub anybody.
- Don't make long public prayers. Tedious petitions drag heavily.
- Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.
- Don't give long addresses.
- Don't be cold in your delivery.
- Don't speak in one tone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word gives ample choice of themes.

Don't tie people out with long introductions. You can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup.

Don't neglect study and closer prayer. The finest human pipes give forth no music unless filled with the Divine breath.

Don't seek the praise of men. Speak in such a way that they will not be so much pleased with you as they are displeased with themselves.

Don't bawl or scream. Too much water stops mail vehicles, and too much voice drowns sense. Thunder is harmless, lightning strikes.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. The effect is practically lost. Your audience has as much need to hear the end as the beginning.

Don't forget the boys and girls. Their attention is well worth gaining, and you may be able to reach older hearts through younger ones.

STEPS

Out of Christ means, lost. In Christ means, saved. To be in Christ we must first come into Christ. The inspired Word of God, the only infallible guide, tells us how to come into Christ.

Opportunity—

How do you meet it?

There appeared to a beggar one day, by the wayside, a beautiful being, with outstretched hands laden with treasures. As he gazed at her a stupid surprise she glided past him, but she returned with her treasures still held out to him, and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone, than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the very things I want, going along the road?" "Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once refused, she never returns."

How true this is. How many allow the precious gifts of Salvation, Holiness, Service, to glide past them never to return.

Remember the Founder's Stirring Charge:

"Go for Souls and Go for the Worst"

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder—William Booth
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London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
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Official Gazette

(By Authority of The General)

PROMOTION—

Captain Alfreda Johnstone, of the
Kildonan Home, to be Ensign.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS

THE COMMISSIONER LEADING

Edmonton March 4

Calgary March 11

Winnipeg April 1

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

LEADING

Vancouver March 18

Lt.-Colonel Sims will be present
at each centre.

How THE GENERAL started the New Year

THE latest copy of the British "War
Cry" to reach us gives a stirring
account of the manner in which the
General entered the New Year—at his
Watch Night Meeting in Plymouth.

The old year had died and the new
year had been born during long solemn
moments with the echo of the General's
voice—"Who will surrender to God?"—
dying away in the silence which broods
yet over the crowd bowed and still before
their Maker.

At six minutes to twelve a sailor's
footsteps broke the silence. At four
minutes to twelve a young man in Army
uniform suddenly rose, and with four
decisive steps joined the sinner at the
Penitent-Form. As the first notes of the
sirens, telling of the Old Year's Death,
were heard, another young man walked
to the front—the last seeker after a
knowledge of God in the Plymouth Con-
gress Hall in 1927.

"The year has passed into eternity,"
said The General as he stood by the
Penitent-Form, his voice vibrating deeply
in the silence. "We cannot alter any-
thing in it now." Then, with a quick
change of tone from awe and finality and
regret to new vision and hope, "Who will
be the first to yield to God in the New
Year?"

It was, in The General's words, a
"three-decker occasion"—a Council with
Local Officers, a Soldiers' Meeting, and
a public Watch-Night Service being
crowded into the last seven hours of the
year.

Locals and Soldiers

Speaking with a vigor that itself
toned up the atmosphere, using the most
apt illustrations, winning his way by here
and there a chuckle over idiosyncrasies
and sly references to fads and failings,
The General gave the Locals from various
parts of Devon and Cornwall a rough
currency to carry them far through this
new-born year. Fine gold, and plenty
of it!

No hours in the year could have been
more deeply lived than those between
midnight and nine on December 31st, when
The General, stepping from the platform
from the steps, and from the lower speak-
ing-rail, led the thoughts of the Soldiers
out toward the goodness and power of
God as seen in The Army and in the
lives of its people.

"The Army's real power is its spiritual

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

Studying and Helping Correspondents—Dole Mischiefs—The Army again shows the way —In contact with Chinese wounded— Indian Hopes and Hindrances

Nearly seven years ago "The War Cry" began publication of extracts from
the General's Journal, and this much-valued feature thenceforth appeared with
more or less regularly until January, 1927. How widespread was the ap-
preciation of the intimate contact with the General's thoughts and feelings thus
afforded, was abundantly evidenced by the numerous expressions of appreciation
which constantly reached us, not only from readers in the Homeland, but in every
part of the world—not only also from Salvationists but those representing every
class and station; it has been still further emphasized by the continuous requests
for fresh instalments of the Journal.

Saturday, July 10th, 1926—As is usu-
ally the case on my return from Cam-
paigns, a great accumulation of work.
Arranged method of attacking it. Feel-
ing tired—scarcely to be wondered at!

Tuesday, 13th—Must take my furlough
earlier than usual this year in order to
admit of doing certain work later on.
Cleared up this morning with the Chief,
who has indeed a full list!

Many letters. Some of my correspon-
dents deeply interest me. Their letters
enable me to study them though I have
not met them. Their experiences often
greatly surprise me; the differences
in them even stagger me! One man
seems to carry more or less easily what
to another is an overwhelming burden.
In one, I see self-control, self-restraint,
steady purpose, and aspiring love. In
another, a wobbling spirit, a changing
outlook, an ineffective purpose. But,
glory be to God! I am encouraged to
help them because He is sufficient for
both!

Wednesday, 14th First day of this
year's furlough. Arrived at the sea last
night with F. about 9.30. My Dearest in
bright spirits.

A correspondent of *The Times* in one of
the northern coal areas sends the follow-
ing statement as to the attitude of mind
of many miners:

"We, it is like this," he told me, "is
their any coal for me to go down there
an' work me sowl out for thirty-nine bob
a week, when I can get forty-eight bob
for the guardians for steeper at bank?
Mebbie, an' thoos sen, An' wad be better
employed, but discent thoos see me point
out that An can live better deening nowt than
if An was workin'?"

Here we have evidence of the miser-
able moral deterioration which the whole
dole system induces—and perhaps that is

the greatest of all its mischievous results.
Saturday, 17th—Worked well today
till 2 o'clock. M. (the Secretary accom-
panying the General as usual on fur-
loughs) very attentive. Large and in-
teresting mail. Fear there is no hope of
dear Mrs. R's recovery.

At 3, went on to the Commons. Very
restful, though not much walking.
Sunday, 18th—Worked some hours.
Mind alert. Praise God!

Walked with F. A glorious day—one
of Nature's show occasions! What a
mystery is the presence of evil with its
consequent suffering. But surely of all
the ways of dealing with the problem of
pain the most futile is to deny it! The
Christian Scientists, in their insistence
on faith, make a good beginning; but,
alas! in trying to meet evil and suffering
they fall into the greatest blunder of
denying its reality. The mystery is not
rendered one whit less baffling by that!

I see that the Wesleyan Methodist
Conference, by a large majority, has
decided to legislate for union in one body
of the three Methodist Connections in
the United Kingdom. I am sorry, for I
do not believe the Kingdom of God on
earth gains by such combinations. In
one way, of course, we must all rejoice
in the healing of divisions in the body of
Christ. I remember John Wesley's own
pronouncement that "those who leave the
Church, leave us." I feel sure such a
union as now proposed must make for
decline in aggressive effort for the saving
of souls and the spread of Scriptural
Holiness.

I am reminded of a satire on a former
method of union of other Methodist
bodies in the form of a "letter" from the
other world:



Through a special appeal issued by Mrs. General Booth one thousand
children of the London slums were given a delightful New Year's Party.
The General is here seen with Mrs. Booth distributing toys to the little ones.

Solemn Call for Service

Less than half an hour separated the
Local Officers' Council and the Soldiers'
Meeting, and less than an hour after the
close of the Soldiers' Meeting The General
was once again on the platform for the
Public Watch-Night Service. The streets
around the Congress Hall, with their
aimless and noisy crowds of merry-makers,
were in themselves sufficient evidence of
the need of the General's solemn call for

Mansion No. 4,
New Jerusalem,
1709-1907

Congratulations on the union of free
and progressive Methodists! We are in
hearty sympathy with your past aspira-
tions. Be sure to be a considerable in-
fluence, the larger hope, the higher criti-
cism, and universal redemption—and
victory is assured.
(Signed) John and Charles Wesley

But this same Conference has taken a
great step forward in one matter—it has
decided, by a considerable majority, to
admit women to its ministry. I do un-
feignedly rejoice! Once more The Army
is justified and is shown to have led the
way.

Monday, 19th—Another most beauti-
ful day. To the Castle in the afternoon
—one of the most striking castellated
ruins I have seen. Dates from A.D. 800;
apparently built to meet the attacks of
the Danes. Took tea in a hedge—delight-
ful!

Every sign about here of an abundant
harvest. Country people in these parts
seem to be more prosperous than in some
others.

In my mail today a very interesting
letter from Dr. Arthur Swain, one of our
medicos working in Peking. He says:
"The Chinese are not so long after
the wounded in the battle near Peking
last December is an experience I shall not
forget. It is brought to my mind that
those who helped in that work into a close contact
with the Chinese, which I think nothing
could do. It is a real effort to overcome one's
feelings of repulsion and get in to help
them. After a visit to them on this side of
the events, one realizes that it was just
the finest chance possible to show them
that the love of Jesus is a reality."
The refugee camp was a sad sight; never
had I seen so great a mass of humani-
ty "for whom Christ died"; their
poverty, filth, and suffering, and their
struggle to make a real effort to overcome one's
feelings of repulsion and get in to help
them. After a visit to them on this side of
the events, one realizes that it was just
the finest chance possible to show them
that the love of Jesus is a reality.

Tuesday, 20th—Only worked an hour
or two. Rain!

Sir Henry and Lady S. came in to tea.
We had a long and interesting talk about
India and Indian affairs and problems—
with which thirty years' residence has
wonderfully acquainted him. He has not
very great confidence in the Indians
making good use of the Chelmsford
Montague Scheme, although he hopes for
the best. He wonders, at his age, if he
ought to go on. I said "Yes!" and told him
what His Highness the Aga Khan said to
me on that point: "Do your utmost to get
into the Indian mind." A speech by Lord
Irwin, the new Viceroy, yesterday tracing
nearly all the quarrelling in Indian life
back to the religious and religious in-
tolerance, a little strong.

Speaking of our work for women, Sir
Henry told me that some time ago, as a
member of the Legislative Council, he
was on a Select Committee for consider-
ing a Bill to protect young girls (14-15)
from base men. Both Hindus and
Mohammedans supported, and yet they
opposed! A very advanced and influen-
tial leader said, when the question of
safeguarding such girls in circumstances of
safety arose, that as there were no Homes
except those provided by Christians, he
would have none of it! But he did not
know *The Army* and its work!

(To be continued)

service. For the key-words to this
gathering let us peep over the shoulder of
a newspaper reporter and read his notes.
"Yield yourself to God in family life,
in practical conduct, in dress, habits,
thoughts—all the General's address con-
cerned religion as applied to every-day
life."

The hundreds who were present, some
from long distances, will testify to the
accuracy of this impression by one who
had never attended an Army Meeting before.

Intimate Atmosphere

No family gathering assembled to watch
the Old Year out and the New Year in
could have attained a more intimate
atmosphere. Very early in the Meeting
The General abandoned the upper plat-
form. He wanted to get down to his
people, even as did Colonel Allister Smith
in his robust expounding of an appropriate
and typically pioneer's theme—"It takes
all kinds of weather to make a climate.
It takes all kinds of experience to mould a
people. Give your will up to God and
press on!"

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson at Edmonton

Home Meetings, Jail Services, Hostel Gatherings, and a Salvation Wedding make up a weekend of Social Salvation

In our last issue we made a brief mention of some of Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's activities during his weekend in Edmonton, and those who know of the Colonel's delight in the Salvation War—and there are many such—will understand that he put in some energetic hours. We know, also, something about Major Oake's whereabouts, and one can very easily understand that the united efforts of the Colonel and the Major would result in some desperate doings, to say nothing of the ready assistance in those efforts of Adjutant and Mrs. Stewart.

There was much in his morning address at the Bonnie Doon Home which warmed the hearts of his hearers, and the result of five of those men expressing a keener desire for the things of God pleased us all. The afternoon Meetings at Fort Saskatchewan Jail were great. We had had our wonderful moments as to whether the state of the road, and the antics of the car, would enable us to make the journey, but all those efforts were worth while. Eighteen men were expressive in their desire after better things, and in the succeeding Women's Meeting, a further evidence was shown.

The night gathering in the Hostel, so warm and hearty in its atmosphere, and so heartily Salvoatically in the singing of songs and choruses, was a final treat for the day. And we joined with our Citadel comrades at the United rally in no unenthusiastic manner. We are all alive for the Crusade.

A "Social" Wedding

In the eyes of some people, at any rate, however, the last night Meeting was the most important of the Colonel's activities, when he conducted the wedding of Captain Agnes Walker, of the Kildonan Home Services, and Captain Stanley Calder of the Men's Social Department. The ceremony was performed in the No. 2 Hall which was crowded to capacity; Adjutant Sutherland Stewart assisted.

The bride was supported by Lieutenant Daisy Barclay, of Grace Hospital, and Lieutenant Ralph Webster, of Red Deer, officiated as best man. Appropriate selections were rendered by the Band and Songster Brigade of Edmonton Citadel.

The addresses of the various speakers were pleasing and acceptable, and very kind in their comradely thoughts. The crowd loudly applauded when the bride and bridegroom rose to speak, leaving no doubt to the wishes of their friends.

After the ceremony about one hundred guests partook of supper prepared by the members of the Corps Home League. Many congratulatory telegrams and messages of goodwill were received during the evening by Captain and Mrs. Calder, and these were read to the assembled guests.

Captain and Mrs. Calder left that evening to spend a short holiday in Vancouver.

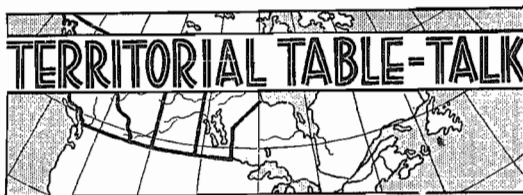
Both Captain and Mrs. Calder entered training in 1922, being members of the "Valiant" Session. The Captain comes out of Virden, and Mrs. Calder from Melville. Captain Calder has served two terms in the Edmonton Men's Social Department, and has also been stationed at Lacombe and Innisfail. Mrs. Calder has been stationed at the Regina Women's Home, the Winnipeg Grace Hospital, the Edmonton Hospital, and Kildonan.—E.S.

A New Start—Try Again

We have all heard about the storm-driven ship whose crew was half frantic for water. At last another ship came near, and they cried, "Water! water! we are perishing with thirst." "Dip down into the ocean," was the answer; for they were off the Amazon, which hurls its mighty flood of fresh water far out into the briny Atlantic.

In the same way there are many who are longing for a fresh start, a new chance, who have the opportunity every day of their lives if they will only reach out and take it. "Every day is a fresh beginning."

God is constantly inviting us to make a fresh start—a new beginning. Take Him at His word, start afresh. "They that drink of this water shall never thirst again."



Winnipeg, January 26th, 1928

We hear that the Chief Secretary spent a very profitable morning with the Cadets at the Garrison on Tuesday last.

Our ever-ready and versatile friend, Envoys Hawley, tells us in a private note that the Send-off of the Alberta Officers to the Vancouver Congress was a great Go. It is nice to hear this sort of thing. Our comrade also remarks that Staff-Captain Merritt "has pep-plus." We know all about that, but we would have liked a report of the Meeting.

Hearty congratulations to Ensign Johnston, of Kildonan; we are always glad when somebody gets a move up.

A touching incident occurred at Edmonton II in connection with the visit of Brigadier Taylor. With the penitents who knelt at the Mercy-Seat there was one poor sister, weeping, not for herself, but for her boy, whose waywardness is a great source of prayerful anxiety to his mother. The Field Secretary was very tender in his request that prayer should be made for the erring lad, and we believe that our sister found much comfort in her act of faith, and will eventually be rewarded in the salvation of her son.

Captain Halvorsen, of Roblin, tells us that recently he met a farmer who wished him to convey to the right quarter his appreciation of the radio efforts of the Winnipeg Citadel Band last winter. We pass on the thanks here-with.

The Howl of God. "I have been after that man's soul for the last twelve months" said a comrade at Winnipeg Citadel last Sunday night, as he saw the man in question at the Mercy-Seat.

If you live in or near Winnipeg, do not forget the "Day of Intercession" at the Garrison on Thursday, February 2nd. The Commissioner will be leading from 11-12 a.m.; 3 p.m., and 8 p.m. onwards.

Some structural alterations are in progress at Territorial Headquarters. You won't know your way around when they're done; but we still have the same upward look in the Editorial Department.

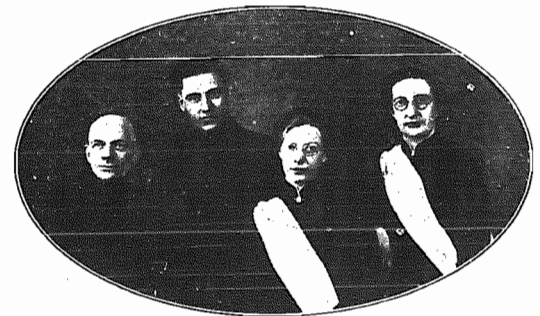
A few weeks ago mention was made in a League of Mercy report of a Vote of Thanks moved by the Senior Military Patient at Winnipeg General Hospital—Sgt. F. R. Webster. Our friend has since "passed over." One of our comp. friends spoke to us feelingly about his pal's "promotion."

We would like to hear from a field about Plans for the Siege. Winnipeg Divisional Staff and F.O.'s are well ahead with their proposals. "Solo-bombardments" by the D.C., Mrs. Steele, and other Officers are to be special features. Some T.H.Q. Officers are down for similar duty.

A recently received report from Saskatoon I Home League tells of four women who have found Salvation as a result of its Meetings; these comrades are now on the Corps Roll. A real League that.

A visitor to the Editorial attic a few days ago was Captain Vole, of International Falls, U.S.A.; on one of those convoy duties which sometimes fall to the lot of Army Officers. We were very glad to see her.

A little girl was discovered by her mother with a pencil and a piece of paper. "What are you doing?" asked her mother. "I am drawing God," replied the little girl. "But you can't do that," said the mother; "nobody has seen God, and nobody knows what He looks like." "They'll know now," said the little girl. At first reading you may not see the point of this story, but if you think long enough you will find it. To our mind the suggested query is, "How do we present God?"



Captain and Mrs. Calder, recently wedded at Edmonton, with Lieutenants Webster and Barclay (See Col. 1).

The Commissioner's Appointments

BRANDON Friday-Monday, February 3-6
MOOSE JAW Wednesday-Thursday, February 8-9
REGINA Friday-Monday, February 10-13

Also Young People's Councils as intimated on page 3.

The Field Secretary makes a quick visit to Victoria

Five New Instruments Presented and Praise Given to God

For the first time the triumphant strain of Army Band music was heard in the Victoria First United Church on Thursday, January 20, on the occasion of the Musical Festival in connection with the presentation of five "trumpet" instruments. Much excitement and interest had been aroused going to the wide advertising of this great event, and the Church was filled to capacity. Mr. Reginald Hayward, M.I.A., the Chairman for the occasion, was introduced by Commissioner Hedley Jones, the Corps Officer, following the opening song and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, and thereafter efficiently piloted the Meeting.

A splendid programme had been arranged, and under the capable and efficient leadership of Bandmaster Hornbuckle, swung through to a magnificent conclusion, when Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, and specially invited to Victoria for the occasion, led the Band in "The Firing-Line" March. Other Band items included "Entreaty," and "Paul and Silas," "Hiding Place from every storm," "Cleansing Flow," selections Air Vario, "While the Day is going by," and the hymn tune, "Sando."

Two vocal solos, "The Lord is My Light," and "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," and a recitation "The Minor Chord," added pleasing variety to the program. Interspersed between the various items was the presentation of the instruments, this being the end of their long journey from The Salvation Army Instrument Factory at St. Albans, England, to Victoria, B.C. One trombone, one bass horn, two E flat monstroses, and a tenor horn were handed to the Bandmen by leading citizens of the district, Mr. James Stewart, Alderman Bradbury, Mr. J. Jay, and the Rev. James Hood. Amid many prayers that the new instruments might be played to the glory of God, and for the salvation of men, the gathering closed with the heart-felt singing of the Doxology.

Grace and Glory at the Garrison

THANKS, Mr. Editor, for your comments on my last notes. I think I understand. It's all very well being a veteran, but I'd rather be in training these days. We're not grumbling, we're having a glorious time. (So are we.—Ed.)

When we marched into a new classroom a few days ago, it was good to look forward to a real period of unbroken training. We had thrown off the holiday feeling, we were (and are) determined to go in for everything which will make us "The Victors." We are not alone in our determination, for Brigadier Carter tells us "there are a few corners yet to be rounded off." But, that's what we came here for—so "we don't mind—no, we don't mind."—Ed.)

Those Exams with which they tried to spoil our Christmas holidays! They were not as hard as they might have been. Maybe, Ensign—(congratulations)—Peterson took pity on us. We like to think that when the Principal and she got together they softened towards us. I think we did fairly well.

One thing we are being trained in, Mr. Editor, is to speak "extemporaneously." That's a new word I've learnt here, and I hope I've the spelling all right. (Never mind the spelling, you just do it—oh, those shavings of notes that some folks use!—Ed.)

Then we had another treat—the Commissioner's Spiritual Sunday with us. Riches in Scripture and song we found all throughout the day. During that Sunday afternoon our Singing Party went over to the Provincial Jail; what a training episode it was!

And now the Crusade! Some of us are going as far afield as Port Arthur and Dauphin—the lists have just been divulged; Brigade Prayer Meetings are now the order of the day. We are in the Crusade, we really are! We are all earnestly praying for a mighty manifestation of God's Holy Spirit through this Western Territory. Well, work and fight till Jesus comes. (In Omnia Parati)

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller—Special Events in Winnipeg

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS GATHERING—A "WHITE RELIGION" EXPOSITION
FAREWELL OF ADJUTANT AND MRS. McCAUGHEY FOR U.S.A.

IT WAS a novel and interesting announcement which brought us together for the second Meeting of this series; a goodly crowd was present, and it was evident that all had come anticipating a helpful time. The memory of last week's gathering was still upon us.

Staff-Captain Steele is no novice at innovations, and he had hit upon a method by which all could join in the singing—which has become such a feature of this particular Meeting. The songs and choruses—new and old—were thrown upon the sheet, and while at first the transitions from light to semi-darkness somewhat bewildered us, we soon found ourselves singing along in our song, and maybe occasionally helped in our thoughtfulness by the concentration which was thus thrust upon us.

The subject for the Meeting—new and intriguing—was "Pure white lily religion," and it was not, therefore, surprising that we started with that good old song, "The Lily of the Valley," and it went with real heartiness. Our prayers helped us, and so did the D.C.'s earlier piloting of the Meeting.

Mrs. Miller's Bible-reading, again from the illuminated sheet, was a study in emphatic phrasing. The right enunciation in the right place, especially in scripture reading, is an art that needs emphasising amongst us. Our response—verse by verse—came all the more readily, it seemed to us, because of the Leader's leading.

Just before the Chief Secretary rose to talk with us, we were singing together to the tune of, "This is my story."

*Gloria is sweeping over my soul;
Jesus has made me perfectly whole;
Flowers are springing all, all abroad;
Lilies of beauty; flowers of God.*

and naturally we were thus prepared for the Word upon which the Colonel would base his remarks, but we were not altogether ready, perhaps, for the prepared manner in which we were to be led, step by step, towards that final "consideration."

Faith and Love Re-kindled

We reminded ourselves again and again—and were reminded—in how many ways our Lord used the common things of nature, and also her beauties, to give us fresh thoughts of Himself. We saw the beautiful flowers of the field in all their glory, and were told once more—and by the Holy Spirit—that as the Father of all good had given them their glory, so He in the world today to give us of His glory; a glory which could far outshine even the glory of Solomon. A glory of the heavens amidst the commonplaces of this present time, that was the inspiration which came to us.

We came to our final consideration in this spirit; singing and praying that we might be more and more like Jesus—"The lily of the valley" to our souls. And so once again our hopes of heaven were enforced; our desires to serve renewed; and our faith and love kindled.

These gatherings remind some of us of those good old days when Friday night was indeed communion night.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey Say Farewell to Canada

The Farewell Meeting of Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey at the Sherbrooke St. Corps was presided over by Colonel



Miller, the Chief Secretary on Monday evening last. Quite a number of interested folk were present as well as a goodly sprinkling of Officers including Staff-Captain Steele, the Divisional Com-

mander. The Band, under Secretary W. Stairs, was out practically in full force and rendered appropriate music.

Many interesting speeches were made by representative comrades during the evening, and these included Adjutant Putt (T.H.Q.), Captain Lear (Winnipeg VIII), Ensign Ede (St. James), and Corps-Sergt.-Major C. Robson, all of whom spoke of the excellent influence which had been exerted by the farewelling Officers during their brief sojourn in the city.

Staff-Captain Steele added his tribute humorously reminding the Adjutant of a visit paid by him to his first apartment, Norland Castle, Ontario, Corps of 1st means large dimensions, in a sparsely-settled district. This "wilderness experience" had helped considerably, no doubt, to make the Adjutant a man of calibre.

A pleasing and impressive little ceremony was then performed by the Adjutant in the dedication of the infant daughter of Bandsman and Mrs. Osbury, following with the Adjutant and his wife gave their farewell messages.

The gathering closed with the farewelling Officers standing under the Arms Plaz, the Chief Secretary commending them to God in their new sphere of labor—Oklahoma City, in the Southern U.S.A. Territory. Refreshments were served after the Meeting.

The Men of the Subscribers' Department

Major Calk has just returned from a journey around the Prairie Provinces during which he has called upon all the Officers of his Department. He tells us



Adj. Cooper, Regina

that the men of importance were dealt with at each place, and that every Subscriber man is out to make this year the "Best Yet." (We do not doubt it.)—Ed

Arrangements are in hand for the development of the work in the rural districts, and for special Tag Days at Country Fairs. These are of importance outside the Province of Manitoba, where they have proven so possible and profitable. The Major is keen on the thought of the development of the men of his Department, and the success of its operations, there also goes an extension of the spiritual and social operations of The Army throughout the Territory.

All who know the "Men of the Subscribers" know that their hearts would be set also on the Salvation Crusade. They are all full up with plans for their own "Ten Days"; they are not only money-getters, they are revivalists as well. God bless them, and all who labor for the spreading of God's Kingdom on earth, no matter in what capacity.

What a pleasant surprise awaited me in the street car last Thursday night going home after the Meeting. I found six young men Cadets there lustily singing choruses to the evident enjoyment of the passengers, and the conductor. The devil didn't like it though; a party of snowshoos got in the car during the journey and a storm threatened. The Cadets continued their singing in spite of opposition. The snowshoe party started songs of the "rah rah" type and for a minute they had the platform. Then the miracle happened; a girl snowshoos left their ranks and sat with the Cadets joining in with their singing with a lovely soprano voice. This was too much for the opposition and they all joined in with the Cadets singing heartily.—B. Wade, Winnipeg Social Corps.

Mrs. General Booth's Great Campaign in the Star Hall, Manchester

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH spent New Year's Day at Manchester, and the following incident is reported in the British "Cry"—A professional man had travelled a long distance to hear Mrs. Booth, his "spiritual mother" at the Star Hall, where she conducted the day's campaign. After thirty years of abnormal whisky drinking, he was converted several months ago. "I rose up from the Penitent-Form," he declared emphatically, "a man freed from the taste of tobacco. I came here today for a blessing, and I have learned a great lesson. Mrs. Booth spoke this morning of an agricultural laborer who gave six shillings every week to The Army from his wages of thirty-six shillings. I spend on an average twenty-three shillings weekly on tobacco. From today, by the grace of God, I will do without tobacco." During the tea interval this comrade surrendered a large quantity of cigarettes he had brought with him.

The "Cry" further remarks, and there are many ex-Manchester people amongst us who will re-echo those sentiments:

"One cannot help being reminded when visiting the Star Hall of those large-hearted and practical Holiness teachers who so generously gave the splendid pile to The Army; and in a gracious reference Mrs. Booth asked for prayers on behalf of Mrs. Crossley, and Miss Crossley, whose health is very indifferent, and also for Miss Hatch, whose remarkable work still lives fresh in the memories of the people in and around Ancoats."

Reiterating her conviction that personal testimony is one of the most powerful means for the awakening of sinners to their responsibility toward God, Mrs. Booth called for the experiences of local Salvationists, among them was Corps Sergeant-Major Sheridan, and that veteran Salvationist pugilist, Billy McLeod. Commissioner Mapp was at Mrs. Booth's right hand throughout the day.

It must have been a wonderful day, and there is more than one who reads these lines who would like to have been there. But "God is in this and every place"—He is ours everywhere. Praise Him.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy at Winnipeg Citadel

A Sunday rich in blessing and inspiration when memories were awakened and thoughts turned God-ward, was spent at Winnipeg I by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy "on deck." It is impossible, within the space at our disposal, to adequately report the happenings of the day; the evening Meeting itself calls for all the powers we have to tell sufficiently of the Colonel's recital of "Christian's Journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City" (Pilgrim's Progress)—made even more effective by the adept choice of suitable music and songs and the carrying of every man, woman and child "even to the gates of the City," so vivid was the narrative.

Interesting though it was, one was prone to look back down the vista of years, along the "Road of Memories"; years, along the "long, long trail of remembrance to yesterday, and see ourselves as Christian, being mocked and threatened, as we ran from the City of Destruction. God's presence was indeed manifest and in the large audience there was scarcely one unthrilled when it was known that Christian had safely forded the River, and when the company of shining ones came out of the Gates to meet him.

Wider vision and passionate desire went hand in hand in the Holiness Meeting; the words of Peter, "Gird up the loins of your mind," commented upon by Mrs. Joy, and followed up by the Colonel's talk, "Where would we go if we left Jesus?" could not but have the desired result, more inspired service, and the determination, voiced by the poet, and approved by all Salvationists:

"And though all the world forsake Thee By Thy grace I will follow Thee."

Greatly appreciated also were the Band's various presentations at the Afternoon P.S.A., interspersed as they were by some of the Colonel's "own make" songs and choruses which contained so much of blessing and cheer wherever sung. The reading of the story of "The Servant-maid who made Music for the World," by Mrs. Joy, brought an added touch of romance into the Meeting.

Three backsliders were welcomed into the Fold at the close of the day, one of them the son of a veteran Field Officer in the Old Land, and himself, at one time, a Deputy Bandsman. One of the Bandsmen in his joy exclaimed, "Isn't it good to see him out there at the Mercy-Seat? I have been after his soul for nearly twelve months." That's pertinent, if you like!—J.R.W.

THE CRUSADE! GOD WILLS IT!

From Vancouver—Greetings!

The Officers of Alberta, British Columbia, and Alaska are united in the spirit of the Great Crusade. Our Congress Meetings in Vancouver have pulsed with life and power, thus reflecting the happy whole-heartedness and impressive determination of all the Delegates.

The relating of victories won in lonely places has stimulated our zest, resulting in our pledging ourselves to increased endeavour. The impending Campaign has caught our imagination, and the Congress Gatherings have fanned our zeal into a white-hot enthusiasm.

Great things and greater are to happen in these Western Provinces. The War is on, and with the advent of the Month of February and its intensive battling, faith is high, and it is certain that the fighting will be increasingly daring.

We believe that the Comrades of Manitoba and Saskatchewan will march in step with us; fight as we shall fight; and triumph as certainly as we shall triumph in the strength of our King.

Forty-sixth Annual Congress

(Officers and Soldiery of British Columbia, Alberta
Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Lead Series



Lt.-Colonel G. L. Phillips (R.)
(Vancouver)

The Setting

It devolves upon us to reproduce the scenes of Congressional Salvation through which Vancouver has been passing during the last few days. There is so much about the great Capital of the British Pacific which is pleasing to sight and mind.

Think of it as it was, say, fifty years since, and one can visualise a Garden of God set amidst scenes of surpassing beauty, and in a climate singularly favored by the Heavenly Father—so it seems even to-day to some of our visitors. Think of it in these days and one begins to realise what man's energy and purpose can accomplish, especially when directed by that same Heavenly Father.

Think of it, again, as a City throbbing with commercial life, directed by keen men of affairs, determined that their fair town shall take no second-rate place in the polity of the Dominion. Or, think of it, as we most gladly do, as a mine of jewels for an eternal crown, as a place wherein men and women can preach the everlasting gospel, and be sure—ever sure—of the listening ears and ready hearts of thousands of eager souls.

A place to be won for God and His Kingdom, a place where the "Blood and Fire" waves from morning to night, from night to morning; where God's mercies run for the whole twenty-four hours round. It were a sad day for some of its surging populace if it were otherwise.

The Gathering

During the past few days, however, as we were saying, until our pen ran away with us, The Salvation Army Forces



Major Jaynes, Men's Social District
Officer, Vancouver

have taken possession of the City in numbers far in excess of any previous record. From the plains of Alberta; from the inlets and fjords of Alaska; from the wooded valleys and mountains of British Columbia; from the stretches of Vancouver Island, the troops have come—Officers and Soldiers alike; Bandsmen and Local Officers; Juniors and Adherents; Canadians, Native Peoples, Britishers, etc., etc. They have marched in, trailed in, sailed in, trained in, all alise in their loyalty to the one endeavor and call—the claim of Jesus Christ and His Blood. A glorious gathering!

We wish we could present the scenes of these days to you so that you could actually realise all that has been done for us. With never a doubt of the blessing that awaited us; with never a doubt but that some of us—and some others—would renew their knowledge of God we came, and surely none have been disappointed.

The Preparation

It would be hard to say who worked the hardest that there should be no hitch in the arrangements. That all the incoming crowd should be happily and comfortably billeted. (Say, have you

memory to that lengthening list. There was enthusiasm by the—whatever measure it is measured by. Our own Divisional Leaders were there, flitting here and about; our veterans were with us; our visitors were with us; our spirited Field Secretary (Brigadier Taylor) and his cheerful wife were with us; but, and surely none will dispute it, most of all would we dwell on the fact that our own Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were with us.

The Commissioner makes a splendid leader of whatever kind of Meeting falls to his leadership, and he was in his element with us on Friday night—one of his elements, perhaps we ought to say. The Alberta Divisional Detachment had come in their pride and glory; proud of their Prairie lands; glorying in their mires of wealth and mighty herds. Staff-Captain Merritt knows just what would "put one over" Vancouver, and it was with a soulfulness which we will not otherwise designate, that he did it. Southern B.C.—"Our Own"—rich in the variations which our Province presents to the World—we vied with our visitors, and we do not think we were far behind—we will say no more.

A shiver went through our feelings, however, when we thought of what had



Mrs. Brigadier Layman

world, and which make us as one wherever those front rank flags fly. Our Special Guests in their ranks. Our Veterans stepping it out with the best. The warriors from the lonely posts for once—shall we say—parading in a parade which those self-same posts have helped to create. Vancouver was out to see us, and we were out to see Vancouver. (It is worth looking at, don't you think?)

The Civic Reception

Away up Hastings to the City Hall where we were received by His Worship Mayor Louis Taylor, and where for the nonce we gave the traffic managers some anxious moments. The day is past when chief magistrates hailed us to jail; when we were maltreated because of our street processions; when we scarce could lift our voices on the street air.

Well, why recall those days? Could one help doing so during those moments at the City Hall. When the Civic Dignitaries hailed us so graciously, and when His Worship gave us once more his personal and official recognition. Don't blame us if we felt a wee bit proud. "Not unto us Oh Lord, not unto us"—was, and is, our cry of thankfulness.

The Soldiers Assembly

Where are we? Oh, Saturday night has arrived. This is "Our's". Can't you imagine that No. 1 Citadel sacked to the doors and windows, so that one enjoys the room that even the sporting pillars take up. The air is so



Major Carruthers, Divisional
Commander, Northern B.C. and
Alaska

The General's Congress Message

My Comrades:

My heartiest congratulations on what God has done for The Army and you on the Pacific Coast, and in Alberta, Alaska, and all the parts from which you now come.

The death of dear Colonel Coombs challenges you all. You must dare all things, hope all things, and love without ceasing. Victory is sure!

Your Affectionate General,

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

ever been on billeting duty?) Who was in charge of the arrangements for the various programmes, that all should work with such ease and regularity; that there should be no perturbing pauses?

Who was in charge of the Bands, the Open-Air Meetings; the Marches; the Spectacular Items? Well, whoever they were there will be no serious heart-burnings if they are left unmentioned. We have an idea that faith and prayer work just as much towards happy fulfilment of some plans, as a lot of pother and perturbation. Is it not so? But whoever those men or women were, let them now go on their way rejoicing with those who, by reason of their labors, have come closer to God, and who know now, what they did not know last week, their sins forgiven.

The Congress Welcome

There was a joyous intimacy about our first gathering on Friday evening which is the hall-mark of all gatherings of The Army clans. The greetings and cheerios behind which lie months of weary toil and lonely plod. The happy banter across the tables, oh, if you're not of us, you cannot understand it. Just the relish before the Feast, maybe, but as appetising as such relishes always are.

There are not many Coast Salvationists who have not memories of some blessed times in "First United Church"; it has been our refuge-place many a time when we have been crowded out of house and home. Glorified Army Leaders have spoken to us there—do we not remember well some of them?

But our Delegates Welcome of Saturday night last added no small delightful

prevented our Northern and Alaskan Braves reaching us in time—blizzards and high seas—but we had a feeling they would turn up before we were much older. Major Carruthers was to have made his address of felicity in this Meeting, but he could have made it in no choicer terms than those with which the various speakers voiced their own.

Have you ever been to a Congress Welcome? Then you know something of the vocal rivalry that prevails, and will understand why we prepared a chorus which is worth singing all over our Territory. It goes to the tune of "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be":

*We are here with happy, thankful heart,
Fired with zeal and faith right from the start.*

*Here for instruction,
Here to play our part
Out on the Battlefield.*

You try it for yourselves and you will find that it will just roll along.

But we must not linger longer on these preliminary scenes, vivid as they are in our vision; promising as they were to the glories of the morrows. Anyway "First United" had lived up to all its Salvation Army traditions.

The Congress Parade

On Saturday afternoon we were out to show ourselves. No, that's not quite right. Out to show The Army to the people of a City who delight to do it honor. We gathered around by the C.P.R. Depot (Isn't that a vista of beauty one gets from there, you Prairie folk?) We moved off, flags going ahead, Bands drumming and urging us forward—those strains of music which circle the

Vancouver's Celebration

Alaska Unite in Consecration and Salvation Scenes
 Religious Demonstrations---Forty-six Seekers

THE CONGRESS SUNDAY THE MORNING MEETING

When Vancouver gets that much talked-of City Auditorium, or we get our much-believed-for New Citadel, we may find a place worthier of Congress Days than the building which housed us for the Sunday. It had one saving arrangement, however, and that is, that it is not far from home—only just across the way. We were in the Empress Theatre—where we have been many a time before.

Did we omit to say that the Alaskan Braves had now arrived; having weathered the stormy blast, and having come to us with all that prideful Salvation vigor which is theirs in such plenty? Major Carruthers moved about as a well-known friend among them. Having them with us had made our joy complete, and we no longer need think of them as tossing about in Queen Charlotte's Sound, or some other watery treachery.

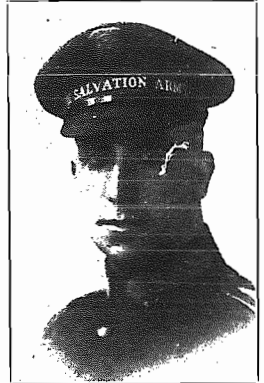
Mount Pleasant Band was contributing to the right atmosphere as we assembled; and that same sense of being in the House of God gradually stole over us, until we

has he been to us so far? Demonstrator; Elder Brother; Expositor—this morning; and now this afternoon he is our Pictorial Publicist. We scarce could wait while our versatile Divisional Commander—Brigadier Layman—introduced our Chairman, and we at first thought we could hardly wait until the Chairman had sat down. But we beg Dr. Klink's pardon, for he did not speak long enough for us.

Culture and eloquence delightfully intermixed; a knowledge of Army history and purpose such as no statesman or educationalist can be without in these days. Leader of the educational life of our Province—he is the President of our Provincial University—he gave us a meed of praise which thrilled us, and yet filled us with the sense of our great individual responsibility.

Well—what about the Commissioner. He certainly "Won in the West." For over an hour, tale and thrill, humor and pathos, religion and rebuke. On it rolled and on it rolled, but when his hour came to an end, it had been but ten minutes to some of us. "Winning in the West," indeed.

Followed then the Votes of Thanks—we had almost said the "usual Votes of



Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary

sincere. One of those who "toil with their own hands" and yet lead our Army forces onward. Fld.-Captain Chester Worthington. It were impossible for us to repeat his words; we catch ourselves hunting for phrases which will describe the emotions which swept over our souls, and over the crowded house as he gave his humble testimony, and exhorted all to follow his Christ. "Oh, boundless Salvation," indeed, that can embrace all men.

What was it next? Solo or Selection? We cannot set it down. Mrs. Rich was sweetly urging in her words and readings, and welcome, withal—as she always is with us. We wish we could have heard more of her during the days, but what we lacked from the platform, we felt personally as she moved about amongst us.

Now, what term do we apply to the Commissioner for this occasion. We had it in our minds to put him down "Evangelist"—but we would rather that we thought of him as a "Pleader for us before God." We do not wish to lay ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration—but may we be allowed to say—we have had it endorsed by another comrade—that he gripped us!

Picture after picture flashed across our mind; old-time story became more real in its new-time setting and phrasing. The men and women of his illustrations moved across that stage with more reality than did or would the puppets of the previous or succeeding nights on that same stage. The drawing towards God took possession of, us—moment by moment; and when we passed into the Prayer-Meeting and

(Continued on page 8)

The Hour Is Set---The Battle Is On!

A CHARGE TO THE TROOPS, BY THE COMMISSIONER
 (By wire from Vancouver)

On the Eve of the Crusade every Salvationist in the Territory of Canada West is called to renewed consecration to the glorious War in which we are engaged. How great will be the Victory if we throw ourselves into the Fray with that enthusiasm which must be generated by the full recognition of our Sacred Purpose.

Let no Comrade be under any misapprehension about the urgency of the Call to Arms. Let none of us underestimate the power of the Enemy. Let no one falter in the Battle. May the mighty Power of Him for Whom we fight be sought and secured by every unit in the Fighting Line. The hour is set; the Battle is the Lord's—we can, we must, we shall win!

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

forgot the tawdry dinginess, and knew we were being led to the Holy Place. Again—prayers, songs, solos, readings—all in their order—we wish we had room and space and memory to mention them all. Then the Commissioner's appeal to us—to our better selves; to those who know God but do not always forego with us—an appeal to them; and always that word which fits the "stranger within the gate." We set down for wrong, we wonder, if we confess that we were so far from home, and just a little anxious about our afternoon seat, that we did not set down the number who made a declaration of profit or desire that morning. Wait till we get through.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING

"Winning in the West"

It has been our happy pleasure to take part in many Army Demonstrations, and to see many arrays of Supporters, but we were not ashamed of our own display when we took our seats on Sunday afternoon, after something of a fight to secure it and retain it. Even the kindest of us have our limit of endurance, and are we to be blamed if we wanted a good seat for the afternoon? We wanted to see the play of conviction and consciousness on the faces of some of the hearers. We just wanted to see whether they appreciated The Army as we thought they should do.

We must be excused if we mention the Commissioner again; he was our Congressional Commander, and therefore entitled to all our attention, and entitled to some additional recognition. What

Thanks"; but that would have been incorrect. No, that's all right; the Votes were of the usual kind—hearty and spontaneous; but the third and the second were—just eulogistic. Judge Murphy took the first duty, and Mr. Charles Woodward, M.L.A., the second. The hour was late—and we had visions of another struggle for a seat for the night Meeting, but their eloquence stayed our retreat, and we were on hand when we rose with thankful hearts to sing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow."

THE NIGHT BATTLE

Now that's just it—the night battle. We have taken part in a few such Salvation engagements in our time, but we do not remember very many when we were thrilled more than on this occasion. Again, let me refer to the preliminary music. Grandview Band helped us there—but where all the Bands have helped in their turn, our No. 3 comrades will not expect an especial word of praise—though they deserve it.

The opening song—so reminiscent in its tune—so appealing in its oft-told phrasing. The prayers—which are such means of grace to those who "follow in prayer" as we were exhorted to do. Again the song and the solos—clearly enunciated—the message of the music losing none of its thrill tonight by reason of misunderstanding words. We could almost turn aside here and devote ourselves for a few moments to the thoughts which here arise—but we must hurry on.

A sturdy Salvation figure was on the stage. He came from our Northern latitudes; he is a Salvation Brave—simply



Brigadier Layman, Divisional
 Commander, Southern B.C.

chunks; the enthusiasm—raging; the folly—contagious; the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and their following—just able to squeeze into their places on the platform. Keep on believing,—"one of these days we're going to have a place wherein we can find room for ourselves and our friends, without having to make the children stay at home."

Brotherly counsel again from some of the Visitors—counsel conveyed in prayer and song and address. Good to have with us those who can so deal out the Word of God.

But, here we have our Commissioner in another role. This time he is our Elder Brother. And not the recriminatory brother of the Old Story, but the one who, happy in his own place in the Father's home, would keep all there, and welcome back all who have strayed.

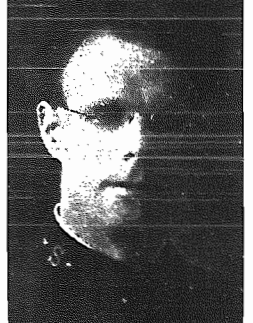
Now here we did wish that our borders could have been enlarged. At the moment we did not pray the prayer of Jabez, but it would have been very appropriate. "Why," we sighed, "why couldn't we have crowded some old comrades in so that they could have 'come back' again?"

The jamb was too tight, to find ease for taking notes; we could only think God that nothing could stay our souls from "the enlarged desire," and that all God's rich words were for us.

And so away to our billets or homes, with hopes still further enkindled for the Day of Days before us.



Staff-Captain James Merritt,
 Divisional Commander,
 Alberta



Staff-Captain Bourne, Subscribers
 Department, Vancouver

Vancouver's Celebration

(Continued from page 7)

the Brigadier took on the appeal, we just waited—and believed.

One by one they came—men, women, and young folks; tears and troubles; sins and sorrows; pledges and purposes; a constant stream—until thirty-one had knelt at that stave Mercy-Seat, making a total of forty-six seekers for our Congress weekend—so far. Glory, glory be to God!

Finale and Apology

That's as far as time, telegram and mail will allow us to go in the reporting line. We will keep over for another mail the account of our other Gatherings. The United Musical Festival is taking place in the Avenue Theatre as this dispatch goes forward, but we are sure that nobody will begrudge us a little further space next week wherein to set down the joyousness of that event.

We get into the habit, do we not, of saying that "the Congress is a thing of the past," as soon as it is over publicly. But we will not allow ourselves in that statement this time. The blessing of God is eternal—His faithfulness is to all generations—and He has again committed Himself to us during these days, and so our Congress goes on and on.

One other word—if we have overlooked anybody in our mentioning, and can bring ourselves to think of them during the next few days—may we be allowed further space for such worthy object in the next issue of "The War Cry" which now so impatiently awaits our

Conclusion

—Eloigne—

C.C. Council in Winnipeg

An inspiring crowd of Corps Cadets gathered in the Sherbrooke St. Hall on Tuesday evening last, when the D.C. and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele led a helpful Council. Under his vigorous leadership, and with Mrs. Captain Watt at the piano the young people joined heartily in the singing, not only of the opening song, but of the choruses. Captain Swain prayed, as did the Staff-Captain, and then followed Mrs. Steele's interesting Bible-reading—some of Paul's pithy advice to Timothy.

Mrs. Brigadier Smith, the Divisional C.C. Guardian, gave a short talk on Corps Cadet duties, and also some words on "Building." Ensign Houghton's solo, "By the pathway of duty" fitted her talk splendidly, and paved the way for Lt.-Colonel Sims' stirring address on "David's Mighty Men." His words were to the point in every particular, and gave the Corps Cadets a fresh vision of what their lives as Salvationists should be.



Adjutant Greenaway, to whom, with others, we are greatly indebted for news of the Vancouver Congress.

The Adjutant is the Young People's Secretary for the Southern British Columbia Division.



Let Us Sing Together!

NEW AND ORIGINAL SONGS FOR THE CRUSADE

Tune: "Darwells" or "Majesty"
(6s & 8s)

Come, sing of Christ the Lord.
He loved me years ago,
He made for me a place
In mercy's great design.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord.
He left His realms above,
That He might ransom me
Oh, miracle of love.

As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord
How shall we tell His praise?
No too sweet, nor loud
For us to Him to raise.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord.
My best and dearest Friend,
Who loved me years ago,
And loves me to the end.
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Tune: "At the Cross there's room"

Say the word and I'll obey,
Point for me Thy chosen way,
For much more than I can say,
Do I love Thee, Lord.

Tune: "He died of a broken heart
for me"

There's never a day when I friendless go,
No day but my Saviour is near
And never a day but His will I know,
No day but His voice I hear.

The Solo of The Week

Tune: "When Irish eyes are smiling"

There's a tear in your eye,
And I'm wondering why
How it ever should be there at all;
With a friend near,
Ever sorrow to bear,
Ever ready to answer your call.
When the burden of wrong,
You have carried so long,
He gladly will carry for thee:
Oh, I know it is true,
He will do it for you,
For 'tis just what He did for me.

Chorus:

He found me with a burden,
He lifted it from me;
He found me full of sorrow,
He changed it into gladness.
When all around was darkness,
He made the sun to shine,
Do you wonder that I love Him—
And call Him Friend of mine?

Other Papers Please Acknowledge—"J"

Tune: "Rescue the Perishing"

Let us unite to sing! Mercy abounding!
Here is a sacrifice precious and free;
Blood of God's only Son, my full salvation,
Pardon and peace by His death on the Tree.

Chorus:

For God so loved the World
That His Own Son He gave;
And whosoever will
May now be saved.

Down from the shining courts,
straight from the Glory,
Mercy stupendous that Jesus should
come.

Dare I believe it true? Wonder amazing,
Died for my shameful sin God's only
Son?

Was ever love like this? Was ever kind-
ness
So freely offered to rebels astray?
Was ever pardon said—was ever mercy
More true for those who had wandered
away?

Then let us sing again! Mercy abound-
ing!
Love of the Father—full, precious and
free;
Love of the Son of God—my full salva-
tion,
Love of the Holy One—dwelling in me.

Tune: "Oh, take me as I am"

While Thou art passing by
Oh, hear my humble cry,
Speak Thou the word that makes
me clean.
While Thou art passing by.

Every burden and care,
He is willing to bear,
Your sin and transgression to heal;
All your sorrow and woe
Shall immediately go,
If down at His Cross you will kneel;
There'll be joy in your heart
That shall never depart,
And never a care or regret;
So here, while I sing
Of Jesus who died,
Oh, come, while He's waiting yet.

Tune: "Oh, wash me now, without
within"

He's just the same, today—today,
As when He washed my sins away;
And He the same will still remain
Thro' changing years always the same.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas
his Wife



Ste. Al. Styremup Mansions,
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I do not think I shall be able to write any Notes next week, as I've received information from my D.C. that I am likely to be wanted for special duty in connection with the Crusade. It is about time he woke up to the fact that I am an Envoy in His Division.

I am already looking up some of my old addresses, especially one I use on a Sunday night; I gave the notes to Danny, but he sent them back, saying they were too fiery for these modern days. Isn't that the limit, Mr. Editor? I haven't had a chance to show them to Brigadier Carter—he is expected to know all about doctrine—I am sure he would agree with me.

I did get a weekend appointment a few months ago, but it fell through because the Officers objected to my dear old Auto-harp that I've used for years and years, and say, I if they won't have my auto-harp, they can do without me.

Dorcas is excited too. She has been getting my Congress uniform out, and giving it a "once-over," to see if it is fit to wear. She likes to see me in it so, because Mrs. Commissioner Sowden said last Thursday we can talk it over private—I looked so nice in it. It's a bit tight in places, but it fits fairly well—I go careful.

Another thing that is agitating Dorcas is that she thinks she will get the job of doing these Notes if I'm away specialising. What do you think about it, sir? If you can change 28 o'clock to eleven o'clock next Thursday we can talk it over private—Dorcas always goes shopping on Thursday—you know why.

But this is all that I am not paid for. Now about the circulation of our beloved papers. I am not sure if I am expected to say anything about "The Young Soldier," but I am just tickled over the rise of 25 copies for Vancouver III. Isn't it nice of them?

Do you know Captain Fleischer? Nice, smiling little chap he is—conducts The Army at Melville; well he has ordered extra "Crys's." I aren't tell you how many, but it's a rise anyhow, and that's more than some of the big boys have done. God bless him, I say.

Divisional Headquarters.

Dear Envy Domore:

I was very pleased indeed to have your letter offering yourself for special duty in connection with the Crusade. Unfortunately I have not had many applications for your services recently. I may not be able to fix you at Winnipeg Citadel or Brandon, although I am sure, as you are a young man, you will be in the place. The Commission is away just now, but I am sure he would feel that it is too soon after the Congress for you to go to Vancouver or Victoria. We will see, however, that you get an appointment. I will call for all your well-known names. Give my kind regards to Sister Domore.

Yours very sincerely,

Divisional Commander.

Isn't that a nice letter, Mr. Editor. I wonder why it wasn't signed! I expect they're very busy at D.H.Q. these days. Don't forget to phone me as I said. It's important we get that matter settled.

Yours still in the War,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sister Mrs. Kakook, Juneau

On Tuesday, January 10th, the funeral service of sister Mrs. Kakook was held in The Army Hall in Juneau. Our comrade died in Wrangell. He had been a Soldier for a few years and had done his best in serving the Lord. Though she was blind she was always happy and enjoyed the Meetings very much. She will be not embled by many for her service as she was very fond of this way of passing the Lord. Her husband, Brother Jim Kakook, is a former member of the Corps, and has the same comrades and the many relatives who will return to the fold.

SMILING FACES AT FORT FRANCES

Backsliders Return to the Fold

Captain and Mrs. Bellamy. The power of our Jail Meetings here is very much in evidence just now. A few weeks ago a young man who was influenced by these, came to the 4 o'clock Meetings with his parents, and there was well served. This is shown by his smiling face and his bright testimony after a five-mile walk to the Meetings. There are others who have smiling faces here, these days, especially the four backsliders who recently returned to the fold. We are confident that others will come soon.

Cottage Meetings are proving a real help here. Our 7 P.M. work at home is an aid, and more is being made in the right direction. Partners.

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA

Captain and Mrs. Parkinson. Recent visitors to Ketchikan have been Envoy Otford of Port Simpson and Ed. Parkinson of Klawak. Both of our comrades spoke very lovingly from the Word of God, and there were encouraging and convincing. We are always glad to see our native leaders. We are, indeed, having splendid Meetings in Ketchikan. At our Watchlight service there were two seekers—a man and wife. Every Tuesday night Captain Parkinson goes to Seaside, where fine Meetings are held. Already one Soldier has been enrolled there. We are looking forward to an enrichment at Ketchikan soon. Glory to God.—S.S.

"DODGING THE ISSUE"

Three men were dealt with in the Winnipeg Citadel Prayer-Meeting on Sunday night last, and here is how they "dodged the issue."

1. "No, I am more interested in the study of astronomy than I am in religious doctrines or creeds."
2. "I know I should come, but not tonight; I came to the Meeting tomorrow night and decide then." (He wasn't there.)
3. "It's altogether too hard for me to be a Christian."

Without, on Main Street and on Portage Avenue the streets were brilliantly lighted, the sidewalks were thronged, and into these crowds our three comrades went, and were soon swallowed up. Our prayers followed them.—J.N.W.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!



Our Occasional Talk

"Button-Holing"

THIS is not a Salvation Army story; we wish it were; it might then have additional, or sharpened point for some of us. But we press it on in the hope that the re-telling may quicken against conscience, and that the reading may help some of you. In The Army we would call it a tale of "button-holing," and as that is a term known amongst us—let it go at that.

A Year of No "Souls"

A dissatisfied minister once asked his Church officials to remain behind after the Sunday evening service was closed, and then said: "Brethren, I must make known to you what is in my heart. We have gone a whole year without a single conversion, and I feel that my usefulness has come to an end and that I ought to resign." They protested against this contemplated action, assuring him that they were well satisfied with his work. "But," he said, "we are saving no souls." Turning to one of the men he asked, "How long have you been a Christian?" "Twenty-eight years," was the reply. "How long have you been an officer of this Church?" "Seventeen years." "Do you believe that by your personal efforts a soul was ever saved?" "I do not know of one," was the reply.

A Soul for Jesus—or Resignation

After talking with each of the men and receiving similar replies, he said, "Now, brethren, unless we can bring at least one soul to Jesus within the next two weeks, I shall resign, and I think you men ought all to do likewise. We ought not to occupy the high offices we do unless we are soul-winners." At the suggestion of one of the men they knelt in prayer together before parting. The following morning one of the men, on reaching his store called the head clerk into his office and said, "George, you have been with me fourteen years and are the best man I ever had. I want to confess to you that I have not done my duty by you. I have known that you were not a Christian, but have never recommended my Saviour to you. I have been both unfaithful to Him and uninterested in you. If I may have your forgiveness I want in your presence to seek His."

A "Soul" and a "Soul-winner"

After further conversation the two men knelt in prayer. They arose from that prayer, one having become a Christian and the other a soul-winner. As they brushed the tears from their eyes the proprietor said, "Now, George, I want you to help me to lead the other men of the store to Jesus." They went to work, and before night eleven men in that one store were saved. The next day morning thirty-one men came into the Church with new hope and presented themselves for membership.

And the point of the story? Well, surely, no intelligent Army Bandsman, Songster, or Soldier would miss that. The suggestion is so obvious.

There is a Scandinavian legend which says that high up in the north there stands a rock. It is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak. When the rock has thus been worn away, then a single year of eternity will have gone by.

Losing a Bandmaster

The beginning of a Famous Musical Combination as told by an Invalid Veteran

"JUST wheel my chair o the window," said the veteran; "it's time the Band was coming by!"

► Sunday morning; not too bright, as to weather; but in the old Bandsman's heart sunshine shone. It leapt up in his eyes; it trickled across his face in a score of ways, until it flooded his countenance, submerging, for the moment, the indications of the years which had passed. A radiance which compelled tears in the onlooker clothed old John.

Good to Hear the Old Band

"Ah, my son," he jollied forth, "it does me good to hear the old Band. Not as it's very old now, being mostly boys, as I call 'em. A bit younger than I was when I started. Of course, we started late, but we caught up, right enough!"

"You ever hear how the Band began?" he continued. "Course every Band has to start, and it warn't perzactly on the

brass and my "banger" that was only common justice. I got into the way of whanging that drum every time one of the others left out a note—like the best man in the Irish wedding hitting heads as they came up in the scrimmage. It was a good noise, and a drumstick is handy in more ways than one, though a bass drum can get in the way."

Folks Set up a Protest

"Some of the folks wh heard us set up a protest, claiming we ought to know something about music before being let loose upon an underserving and innocent public, and perhaps they were right. In any case we thought we would try the suggestion, so we got a man to come and teach us two or three tunes. I'll say that for him, he did work hard, too. When he thought we'd got it right he let us go home—it was very late."

"The next Sunday, when we got ready

Enlarge Your Borders

A Hint for Songster Brigades

Wider notions are required as to what is the work of a Songster Brigade. By no means does singing a set piece in a Meetings constitute the whole of the Brigade's responsibilities.

The Songster Brigade should lead the singing of the congregation in spirit, thought, precision, wholeheartedness; yet in some Brigades the members remain almost dumb during the singing of a congregational song.

Of course, if they are without songbooks, like some Songsters we know, this need not be a cause for wonderment; only for sorrow.

Level of a Mere Choir

This goes very decidedly to show unfitness for a Songster's place, and lets the whole Brigade down to the level of a mere choir, for which we have really no more use in The Army than we have for steeples on our Halls.

The Brigade should be at least the main source from which the people learn new tunes for congregational use, and a host of new choruses should be set afloat in the Corps by Brigades which properly fill the bill.

As to Prayer Meetings, a Brigade should be an Officer's chief source of aid, in singing at a moment's notice appropriate songs and choruses, as well as taking part in praying or giving aid to penitents when seeking Salvation.

The Drum's Message

While out for a walk with her baby one Sunday evening, a woman heard the sound of The Army drum, and followed the Salvationists to the store. Although her husband had forbidden her to go to any religious gatherings, she entered the building.

During the Meeting she became convicted of sin, and as she rose to go forward to the Penitent-Form, a comrade offered to hold the baby. Thanking the Salvationist, however, the woman replied, "I am not only going to the Penitent-Form to seek Salvation myself, but I am also going to give my child to God!"

The Band Sergeant prayed that the blessing of God might continue to rest upon the invalid veteran, and the young men answered, "Amen!" then off swung the Band on its way to the Holiness Meeting.

"Now, then, off you go, too," he said, turning to the "Best Meeting of the day, the Holiness Meeting. Go and get a blessing, and, if you haven't sought it yet, get the Blessing!"

"Certainly, I'll go; but first finish your story."

"Forgot the last word. Where was I?"

"On the march with the top-hatted leader marching on the pavement, and the crowd halting all round you."

His Topper in the Gutter

"Laughing! You should a heard 'em! Well, he didn't get far before a wag sent his topper rolling in the gutter. That annoyed the owner, who was not a Salvationist, remember, and he turned to express himself. Next thing he knowed he was picking himself out of the road, and reaching for his comest and his hat."

"True he had a good intention, and he had taught us two or three tunes; but that's how we lost our first Bandmaster!"

I came away thanking God for the pioneers in whose steps we have the honor to follow. May we be true to our high opportunity.



Let loose upon the public.

lines we got today, nor so many. I member there were just a handful of us, and somebody up said, 'Let's have a Band.' I dismember who said it, but he had the spirit of a pioneer, he had. That's the sort of chap what helped to make The Army. You know, the sort what's discontented; when a thing is done, wanting to do something else.

Convention Ruled the Roost

"Mind you, that's all right as long as he's finished the job off prop'ly like, and with credit. He's got a sort of sanctified scratching inside him what keeps on irritating until he's on with the new love, as you might say. That sort took the Pounder out of the places where convention ruled the roost, and it took The Army all round the world. And it will take it up to the Gates of Heaven, agitating all the way. Glory to God!"

"Well, we got bitten with this idea of forming a Band, of which there warn't many in The Army, them days. And we raised enough money to buy half a dozen instruments, which were handed out by weight or measure, or both—I dunno that was any rule to it. Anyhow I got t.e drum. Coo, you should a seen me!"

"And we didn't have to carry any great weight of knowledge of music; seeing we were new to the hefty bits of

to turn out, he arrived, all got up in a dandy coat and a stove-pipe hat, silk it was, and he'd brought his comest."

"I'll help," he says, and we came out of the Hall on to the street. Suddenly he went shy.

I'll March on the Sidewalk

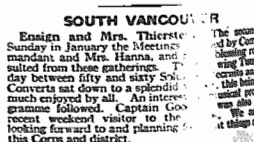
"You march in the usual way," he says, "and I'll play my comest—on the sidewalk!"

"Of course it sounded funny, and it looked funnier. And the crowd, which had been waiting for us, saw the funny side of it. They roared."

"Hallo! Here's the Band. God bless you, boys. Eight ranks of five at this time o' day. Hailelujah! Look at that Flag; it does my old eyes good to see it fluttering from that tall staff. Ah, they're going to give me a tune. Yes, they often stop under my window to play my favorite, Righto, 'I'll beat time, Bandmaster.' And he waved his hand while they played, and he sang in quavery accents:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
And now He sets me free!"

(Continued on column 4)



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THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



CHAPTER XIII

Jack Makes His Apologies

The Homestead,
Haventown.

Dear old girl:

I'm ever so sorry. I do hope you don't feel too bad about me. I know mother has given you a fairly full account of my wanderings and so you will know that it really was me that you saw on your wonderful Main Street. I wasn't quite sure it was you, until I saw you tell the Army girl to come and speak to me, and then, somehow or other, I jumped to the conclusion.

I don't think I should have come home quite so suddenly, but listening to your Army on that Sunday night reminded me of that man at the Hostel in Winnipeg until the Wednesday afternoon and then I got on the train and left town. I didn't train it all the way, else I would have been home earlier, but I am home. There's one thing about it—the eats here are good—better than old Skinfint Johns used to let his missus put up for us.

The Army is the Big Noise

Tell that Transfer man—Dale—that he is a good sort. He didn't know who I was, but he said, "God bless you," even when he said he couldn't give me a job. Say, don't he whack that drum? And have you heard him play his bombarder? I don't wonder The Army is the big noise in La Prairie.

I heard some of the chaps at the hotel talking about young Hector Crompton. They don't say anything bad about him, except that he has his eye on the new school teacher. Has he? I don't blame him, Effie. You have grown a fine young woman. Mother says write soon. She is pleased you've joined The Army, and so am I—they're a good lot. I wish they had a Band here. Isn't this a one-trick town?

Your loving brother,
Jack Nott.
"alias John Harvey."

"The Dell."

Dearest Mums, Dad and Jack:

Isn't it just too good to be able to put Jack in as well. Tell him I've received his letter, an apology I suppose, he calls it. It came two days after your own delightful letter, and I am sure my heart said, "Hallelujah." That is what the Captain said when I told her the news.

But I wonder if you will mind very much if I do not write a long letter today. I am not feeling very well, my throat is bad, and my head aches. I do hope I'm not going to be sick; some of my scholars are down with diphtheria and the Trustees talk about closing the school. I must say Goodnight.

Your loving daughter
Effie Nott.

CHAPTER XIV

Effie's Collapse—The Epidemic

—Hector Speaks Out—

"The Dell."

La Prairie

December 1st

Dearest Ones:

It seems ages and ages since I wrote my last hurried note, but I know some of my good friends here have kept you well informed about me. I was feeling ever so sick that day I wrote. I was sure I was sickening for something. I did not say so, but the Trustees had actually closed the school, and I was only waiting for a clean bill of health before I wired you to say I was coming home. That night I knew I wouldn't get it; it is a wonder what I didn't catch anything from me in my letter.

Ma Crompton saw I was sick, and she phoned the doctor and asked before I knew where I was I was being whisked off to hospital. I was too bad to care what happened to me, but they took me

to the little isolation hospital they have for these municipalities, and there I was for several days, too ill to know anything.

The Nurses Were Kind

I am so glad you didn't attempt to come, for you could not have done anything, and you not feeling well yourself, and I don't know how those two men could get along without you. The nurses here were ever so kind; they looked after me like sisters, although, poor dears, they were nearly run off their feet. There were some of my school children in with me, but I am glad to say that neither of the Kirk family were included. As may be expected, and as I suppose you know, "Skinny Wilson" was an inmate with me—the nurses refused to call him a "patient," they said they had all their work to do to keep him in bed. Another patient was that pathetic little morsel of humanity, Isaac Grozinsky—that little Polish boy I've told you about. He had a bad time, but is quite well again. After all, the scare wasn't so bad as the authorities thought it was going to be.

But it has kept me away from school for six weeks and run up a nice bill for

works away as hard and busy as ever; she says she wishes she could get a girl to help her, "only all the girls want town places these days" she says.

Gus has gone. The place doesn't seem the same without his cheery, cheery presence, but Pa said he could manage without him, and so got him a place with a neighbor. He is a steady young man, they say, since his escapade at the Anglican Church, and follows Mr. Tickens, the Rector, in all his goings—but I'm afraid—or rather I hope—his Anglican devotion is waning. I saw him a few nights ago—the evening of my return home—and he said he wasn't sure now, whether he wouldn't be coming back to The Army.

The Army is Going Ahead

The Army is going ahead. They sent me lovely flowers at the hospital, and so did the church people. Mr. Dale used to call me up on the phone, until the Matron said she couldn't have me using it all the time. One Sunday the Band came round to play to us. I was getting better then. Mr. Dale was again in charge of the drum; he saw me looking out of the window, and

Hector has proposed to me! I can't say I was quite surprised—and yet I was, and the more I think about it—the more I am. If I gave the matter any thought at all I fancied he was getting fond of the Lieutenant, but one evening at supper, he said—in the course of the conversation, "I don't think any fellow ought to take a girl out of the Work to marry her." "The Work," of course, meaning being an Army Officer.

I had been back at the Cromptons for a few days and, my word, it's different out there now that winter is on. Of course the house is warm and comfy but it's not such a nice drive down to town or such a pleasant walk, I should say, across to the schoolhouse (but I haven't that to do).

I—Poor, Guileless I

Anyway, I'm not much hurried, and I, in getting on with my love affair? The Army had a special Meeting on the Monday night, and The Captain was anxious I should go, and so was Hector. I noticed. The new car was got out—a funny time of the year to invest in a new car—and Hector and I—poor, guileless I—went off to enjoy ourselves. So we did, for the Meeting was real good; the D.C. Major Irons being there. I was especially introduced to him.

We started our homeward journey. I talked about the Meeting, and presently Hector, who had been very quiet, said suddenly:

"Are you going to be an Army Officer, Effie?"

"That's for The Army to say," said I. "but I would very much like to be."

"Would your people mind?" said my companion.

"Oh," said I. "I think they've quite come round to the idea, if ever they were opposed to it."

"Say, Effie," and before I knew it almost, his hand was on my arm and the car was slowing down. "Would you mind it very much if I told you I loved you? You don't mind, do you?"

What Could I Say?

What could I say? He did and said it just in his usual quiet, gentlemanly manner, and really, beloved, I do like him, and the more I think about what he said, the more I like him, but I've made up my mind on one point and that I'm sticking to.

"Hector," said I, and I could smile, almost, at myself at the matronly way I answered him, and yet the answer came to me in spite of myself—"Hector, I have had one call tonight, just now while we've been speaking to each other. I've had my call to follow God in The Army, and if I can do that, and at the same time do what you want me to do; well, all right, but I think both of us will do well to follow God first."

It was a confused speech, and not very clever, but Hector said little more, except, "I guess you're right, but you'll let me tell my people I've spoken to you?" And at that he spurted up the car and we were soon indoors.

I've told it very lamely, haven't I, and in a few days I'll be home and able to tell you more, but I feel, dearest ones, that a greater call than earthly love is in my ears. I am not writing any more.

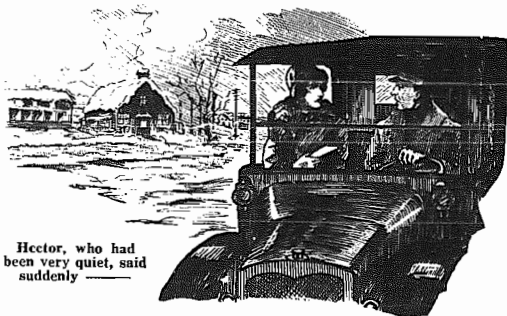
Your own loving
but trusting girl,
Effie.

Next Week—"Effie Leaves The Dell"

SWIFT CURRENT

(By Wire)

Wonderful moving of the Holy Spirit in Meeting last Wednesday. Several seekers for restoration and aid for sanctification; much struggle, but Devil outwitted. Contradict fought until every one present in possession of personal victory. Meeting closed at eleven p.m. with all singing "All my days and all my hours." Hallelujah—J.K.



Hector, who had been very quiet, said suddenly —

somebody to pay. I don't think I should have to pay it all; perhaps somebody may come to an arrangement with somebody about it—and may one of those somebody be me.

I'm Starting for Home

As you see, I am back at The Dell for a few days—I am not going back to school—it has been decided to close up until after Christmas and this letter is to let you know that in a week from now I am starting for home—for home and you, all you dear ones. You will know that I've had all your letters, though I was not able to reply to any of them. You have certainly kept me well up to date with your news. I'm glad Jack—good old Jack—is settling down. It seems that his wandering has done him good. I am sure he is a relief to Dad. When I come home I'll be a relief to you—see if I don't.

Things are going well here at The Dell. Pa Crompton says he has had another good year, and seems quite pleased with himself. He talks about giving up the farm and taking a house down in the town. Hector is excited, and says now he may be able to go into Training for an Officer. Brenda seems to have grown during these last few weeks. Dear old Ma Crompton

gaily flourished the drum stick at me. It was very kind of them, don't you think? They played very well indeed.

As I say, The Army is going ahead. They've had a nice lot of conversions at the Hall, in fact I hear it has been quite a revival, and all the town is talking about it. It is a revival too in the other places of worship. One man, who used to run a pool room, is converted and has closed down his room. It has all come about, so I hear by the splendid way the Captain gets round among the people. Perhaps her own sorrows make her more mindful of other people who are in trouble, for certain it is, that no sooner does she or the Lieutenant hear of anybody being sick, than off they go to see if there is anything they can do. I should say there isn't a house in the town where they are not known and welcomed. The Lieutenant is a gay little woman, fond of a joke, but is a splendid help to her Captain.

The Real point of this Letter

And now, dearest parents, comes the real point of this letter. They say it is the art of good letter-writing to keep the news until the end. Well, it has been no art on my part. It has been because I didn't (and don't) know how to come to it. I'll make the plunge.

"MOTHER FLORENCE"

Our New Serial will start shortly. A Story of Old-Country Homes and Lanes; of New Country Vigour and Salvation; of the First Days of The Army in Canada; and of the struggles of those times. It will interest Old-timers and Young-Timers alike. Be ready for it. Tell your friends about it. (Profusely illustrated.)

Hell is for the
Wicked

WAR CRY



Heaven is for
the Saved

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1928

No. 5

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist in their return. Address: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars \$3.00 extra.

1900—Harry Edward Branch. Last heard of in Vancouver in 1926 working as official longshoreman (wheat trimmer). Relatives enquiring.

1925—Edwin Larson. Age 34, height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, miner by trade. Brother anxious to communicate.

1783—Harry Farrow. Age 55, not very tall, medium brown hair, blue grey eyes, fresh complexion. Wife enquiring.

1791—Sam Woodcock. Age 44, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of Leicestershire, England. Last known address, Cypress River.

1844—Mike Gach. Age 23, tall, fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from 1923. Mother very worried and longs for news. (See photo)

1863—Charles Baiden. Age 32, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, thought to be in theatrical work. Mother very old—last operation that left her blind in one eye—extremely anxious to hear from son.

1883—John Ingebrigtsen. Age 70, medium height, blue eyes, about 32 years ago was a shoemaker in Vancouver.

1890—Andreas Johansen Stenkerby Kjolstad. Age 35, brown hair, brown eyes. Last known address 225 King Street, Winnipeg. Left him by father and an aunt—communicate this office.

1903—John Olsen Bryn. Age 24, Norwegian, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in Winnipeg 1926. Brother seeks information.

1973—John Arthur McCann. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10, brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, soldier, native of County Antrim, Belfast, Ireland. Brother anxious for information.

1859—Arthur Sigmond Reilstad. Age 26, medium height, blond hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in Winnipeg 1926. Friends desire to locate. (See photo)

1855—Charles Herbert Braden and Myrtle Braden. Myrtle was in Toronto Children's Home with her brother, and adopted out in 1907 1896, to a Mrs. Reynolds or Mrs. Brewer. Is now about 23 years of age. Father last heard of in 1907. Brother extremely anxious for information.

1889—Carl Eric Bertil Hjertstedt. Age 25 last heard from in Laura Street, Winnipeg, 1926. Worked in radio factory. Brother enquiring.

1886—Charles Smith. Age 46, height 6 ft. fair complexion, born in Birmingham, England. Last right arm working in shipyard. Mother anxiously enquires.

1892—William Droz. Age 37, medium height, last heard from in Laura Street, Winnipeg, 1926. Working on railway or boats either in Winnipeg or Vancouver. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

1865—Henry William Carpenter. Age 56, height 5 ft. 11, black hair, blue eyes, medium complexion. Native of Sutherland, Kent. Last heard of in British Columbia. Sister enquires.

1916—George A. Morgan. Conductor, Regina, missing since September, 1927. Age 39, dark brown hair, dark eyes. Last heard of in 1927. Height 5 ft. 6 in., weight about 150 lbs., last seen in Swift Current, Sask. Wife very anxious for news. (See photo)

1829—William John Hering. Age 54, height 5 ft. 10, dark hair (probably grey), dark brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Last heard of in Edmonton, Alta. God, and Sister very anxious to hear.

1852—John Fitzgibbons. Age 50, height 5 ft. 8 in., light brown hair, light eyes, light complexion, single, occupying farmer. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Sister very anxious to hear from.

1831—Peder Martin Hansen. Born in Keldstrup, Denmark. Age 33, middle height and blond parents and brother enquiring.

1779—Marcus Antonios Johansson—alias Nilsson. Last heard of 12 years ago in Vancouver, B.C. Sister anxious for news.

1831—Peder Martin Hansen. Born in Keldstrup, Denmark. Age 33, middle height and blond parents and brother enquiring.

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Mike Gach



Arthur S. Reilstad



George A. Morgan

29 DAYS

Salvation Crusade

FROM THE LAKES TO THE COAST

During the Month of February

See Local Corps Announcements

1839—Chris. J. Hoelstad. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Friends want to come in touch with him.

1891—Ormond Richard Lowther. Age 30, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion, light brown hair, getting thin on top. Father longs for news.

1888—Stener Petersen Kleveland—alias Stener Fjeldboe. Age 71. Last heard of Claverhill, B.C. Brother anxious for news.

1834—Anton Amundsen. Age 60, medium height, blond hair, mason by trade; last heard from in 1914. Son desires to locate.

1900—Thomas Lee—Son of Edward and Hannah Lee (nee Bagnall). Left County Westmeath, Ireland, about the year 1874 and went to America. His or the address of his descendants is urgently required in a matter of a will. His sister Elizabeth, of Australia, urgently inquires.

1754—Edward Egan—Irish, last known address Louth, Man. Baker by occupation. Sister enquiring.

1864—Ivy Woolf. Age 19, height 5 ft. 5, dark hair, brown eyes, native of London (Shepherd's Bush), thought to be residing with sister.

The Army still believes in Hell

A Re-statement of our Doctrines

IT SEEMS to us that, in connection with our Salvation Crusade it is not altogether out of place for us to make a restatement of our doctrines. We have certain foundation beliefs which we insist shall be observed by all who name themselves as Salvationists.

They are founded upon Bible teaching. We think they were reasonably and wisely compiled by our Founder. They are part of our Foundation Doctrines and cannot be altered—for us as an Army. We do not see any reason why they should be.

A Punishment for Sin

The Army still believes in hell. We most positively do. But when the Salvationist is asked whether hell is a literal fire, mental distress or spiritual torture, he states that he neither knows nor cares. The question does not interest him. *He is not going there.* Similarly the Salvationist holds that God does not and will not send anyone to hell. Men go there of their own volition, and just as surely as one walking over a precipice will fall below and kill himself, or putting out his eyes will be blind, so certainly and naturally there must and will be punishment for sin.

Jesus the Only Saviour

All such questions as these recede into the background when it is realised that he belie what it may, the Almighty God has made a way of escape from it. The whole issue in the end turns on the acceptance or rejection of Jesus Christ as man's individual Saviour. Nothing and no one else can redeem from the doom of which the Bible speaks so plainly.

To sum up, The Army believes in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the fall of man, the redeeming and restoring work of Jesus Christ, a coming judgment, the eternal damnation of the wicked and the everlasting happiness of the righteous.

Confidence in the Old Theology

It is as some have suggested, that such a theology is one thousand years old. It is quite that. Indeed it is two thousand years old and more, and yet it is wondrously up-to-date. The Army intends still to preach it and not to be involved in the failure and loss which have arisen as a result of allowing the man-in-the-pew—to say nothing of the man-in-the-street—to make his own theology and create his own God. Having more or less been allowed to do so he is ending by despising both.

SALVATIONISTS!

Do all your actions reveal that you believe the Truth of God?

Coming Events

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller

Winnipeg Citadel, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Kildonan Home, Mon., Feb. 5; North Winnipeg, Tues., Feb. 7; Weston, Wed., Feb. 8; Norwood, Thurs., Feb. 9; Sherbrooke St., Fri., Feb. 10; St. James, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 11-12; Winnipeg Men's Hostel, Mon., Feb. 12.

LT.-COLONEL SIMS: Edmonton, Sat.-Wed., Feb. 4-8.

LT.-COLONEL JOY: Saskatoon I Sun.-Mon., Feb. 4-5; Saskatoon II Sat.-Sun., Feb. 11-12.

LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON: Medicine Hat, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-6; Winnipeg Hostel, Sun., Feb. 12. (Mrs. Dickerson accompanying, Wpg.)

BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR (Field Secretary): St. James, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Winnipeg VIII, Tues., Feb. 6; Sherbrooke St., Wed., Feb. 7; Fort Rouge, Thurs., Feb. 8; Elmwood, Fri., Feb. 9; Winnipeg Citadel, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 10-12.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. CARTER: Brandon, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER SMITH: Fort Frances, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER GOSLING: Humboldt, Feb. 4-8; Prince Albert, Feb. 11-12; North Battleford, Feb. 15-16; Watrous, Feb. 18-19; Biggar, Feb. 22-23; Saskatoon, Feb. 25-26.

BRIGADIER MERRETT: Dauphin, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER ALLEN: Moose Jaw, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

MAJOR OAKE: Port Arthur, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Brandon, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 5-6; Victoria, Tues., Feb. 7; Winnipeg VIII, Wed., Feb. 8; Winnipeg II, Thurs., Feb. 9; Winnipeg I, Fri., Feb. 10; Port Arthur and Fort William, Sat.-Tues., Feb. 11-14.

*Mrs. Steele accompanies.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Weston, Sun., Feb. 5; Elmwood, Mon., Feb. 6; Winnipeg IV, Tues., Feb. 7; Sherbrooke St., Sat., Sun., Feb. 11-12; St. James, Mon., Feb. 13; Norwood, Tues., Feb. 14.

1849—Jorgen Andreassen. Age 45, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, farmer. Last heard from September, 1927. Wife anxious for news.

1859—Robert Walter Killam—alias Robt. Walton. Age 55, dark hair, sandy mustache, blue grey eyes, height 5 ft. 10, scar on side of face, tattoo on both arms, walks lame. Son anxious for news.

1865—Nils Nilson. Age 61, height 5 ft. 11, weight 180 lbs., dark hair, married, native of Sweden. Last one finger on right hand—left arm destroyed in the elbow, stooped when walking. Roman nose. Charles Nilson enquiring.

Special to our Farmer Readers

FARM HELP

We have a limited number of young men for farm work, apply now to—

STAFF-CAPTAIN WEEKS.

THE SALVATION ARMY IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

241 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, Man.

For Sale

Concert Marimbaphone, silver steel, 4 octaves chromatic, by Deagan, Chicago. Beautiful instrument. Used either by one or two players, or as solo, with piano or other accompanying. Packed in special trunk. Price sacrificed. Apply Envo W. A. Hawley, 830 Third Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

For Sale—A "Washburn" Guitar with Hawaiian attachment, in splendid condition. Also good leather case. Value \$30. What offers? Apply E. B. c-o Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.